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TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1880.

Stewart & Jones.

The Electro-Plating Business.

Among the new branches of business recently developed in the city of Philadelphia is the Electro Plating business of Messrs. Stewart & Jones, Mr. Wm. D. Jones, formerly of Bristol being the Junior member of the firm. The house is turning out an amount of gold and silver plated ware, the most beautiful and stylish now made in the world. The character of the work is the very best, the polish and finish being perfect and without any of that wavy and uneven surface, which however glossy, always means cheap work. Old and tarnished silverware is re-plated and made to look and wear as well as when new, and even better in many instances. We append a few of the prices for such work, the difference in cost being dependent on the grade of work, whether extra, double or tripple plate: Tea spoons, $1,50 to $2,50; Table Spoons, $2,50 to $4,60; Table forks $2 to $4,60; Table Knives $2,60 to $4; Ice Pitchers $3; Butter Dishes $1,50 to $2,35; Cake Baskets $3; Coffee Pots, $3; Goblets $1; Cups 50 to 65 cts., Casters $1 to $1,25.

Any of our readers having these goods to be re-plated can leave them at the store of W. W. James, Jr., on Main St. Samples of fine nickle plating done at this house can be seen at the Hardware Store, and Mr. W. D. Jones himself will be in Bristol next Thursday. The business is destined to rank among the chief industries of the great city which the Centennial Exhibition brought to the notice of all nations.

THE *Chronicle* (Knoxville) makes great ado over the Democratic nomination of a military man who has no civil record, but has never said a word over the Republican nomination of Gen. Grant in 1868.

THERE are 8 letters in Garfield's name and only 7 in Hancock's. Does this mean a new 8 to 7 commission, in which Garfield is to be one of the eight?

If Gen. Hancock is one of a pair of twins, as the papers alledge, where is the other one? We wish to see more men cast in that same heroic mould.

HOUK's paper calls the next President Hang Cock, because he hanged Mrs. Surratt. The fact is, the Republican party hanged Mrs. Surratt, and now those who mourn for that innocent woman mean to hang the Republican party.

GEN. HANCOCK obeyed orders in the Surratt case, and now he will obey the order of the American people in the Garfield case. Always obeys the orders of his superiors, and the people are the superior of any man.

Hancock wears a corset.—*Chronicle.*

He does that just to be unlike those who have crawled into the bloody shirt.

Circumstial Evidence.

Narrow Escape of an Innocent Man from the Gallows.

PAUL KUNKLE.

A True Story of 1849.

In view of the recent trial and still more recent discharge of Felty and Sharrett, the following thrilling story of Paul Kunkle will be read with interest. It is a most remarkable illustration of the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence.

ED. NEWS.

HARRISBURG, PA., June 19.—In 1843 a young man named Conrad Winter was sent to the penitentiary for six years from one of the border counties of Maryland, it having been proved that he had been engaged in an organized system of sheep-stealing in the neighborhood, by which the farmers had lost much valuable stock. Winter was at the time bound to a woman named Goodwin, who lived near Parkstone, Md., and he claimed that he had committed the crimes of which he was convicted under orders from his mistress. After his imprisonment there was no more sheep-stealing in the community, and Winter and his crimes were soon forgotten.

One day in the fall of 1849 a lady, the wife of a farmer named Charles Cooper, who lived about two miles from Parkston was in the village making some purchases. She bought, among other things a pair of shoes for herself. When she left the store to walk home it was nearly dark. She carried an alpaca umbrella with a stain on one side of it. Her purchases were in a paper package. Mrs. Cooper was fond a snuff, and carried a handsome silver box, which she had filled at the store. She did not reach home that night. Search being made for her, her dead body was found next evening in a lonely spot by the roadside, covered up with brush. The back of her head had been crushed in by a heavy blow with a club or stone. Her umbrella and package were gone, as was also her silver snuff-box. A stranger had tramped through the village in the forenoon, and it was remembered that he had an umbrella and a paper parcel. It was at once believed that he was the murderer of Mrs. Cooper, and measures were taken to capture him. Beyond the fact that travellers going toward Parkston on the York road had met two men travelling together, both carrying umbrellas and each with a parcel, and both appearing in the jolliest of humor wherever seen, no trace of any suspicious stranger could be found. Detectives were then employed to investigate the case.

PAUL KUNKEL, IN 1849,

had been a resident of York, Pa., for several years. He was an industrious man, bearing a character beyond reproach. He had a wife and three children, and the whole family were devout Catholics. They had a comfortable home and the genial nature of Paul made him a great favorite. In the fall of 1849 a brother of his, who had been in York for some time, resolved to return to Germany. As he intended to take the vessel at Baltimore, Paul accompanied him to that, and after seeing him off started to return on foot to York, leaving Baltimore at a very early hour in the morning. He carried a common umbrella, and had under his arm a paper package containing articles he had bought in Baltimore for his wife and children. Paul passed directly by the spot where Mrs. Cooper's body was found a few hours subsequently, and went on through Parkston. A mile or so beyond that place he came up to a man sitting by the roadside. The stranger arose, spoke to Kunkel, and as he was also a German and going in the direction of York, the two walked on together. It was not long before the men were quite well acquainted. The stranger said his name was Winter. He had an umbrella and a small parcel. He offered to exchange his umbrella for the one Kunkel carried, and as the former was much more valuable than Paul's, he had no hesitation in agreeing to the trade. The men trudged merrily along the road, attracting the attention of all whom they met by their singing and good-natured greetings. When they reached York, Winter expressed a desire to remain in the place a day or two, and Kunkel invited him to make his house his headquarters. Winter accepted the invitation. He was treated with great hospitality by the Kunkel family. He remained with them two days, in the meantime creating no little amusement for them by insisting on exchanging valuable articles in his possession for others of little or no value belonging to the family. He traded a new pair of woman's shoes for an old flannel shirt, and insisted on presenting one of the children with a handsome silver snuff-box. This Kunkel refused to do, on the ground that the child had no use for a snuff-box. After leaving a number of articles with the family Winter took his leave.

TWO DAYS AFTERWARD KUNKEL

was followed home from his work by two men. They were detectives and arrested him on the charge of murdering Mrs. Cooper. The house was searched. The umbrella with the stain on it was found and identified as the property of the murdered woman. The shoes were also found. Kunkel had heard of the murder from Winter and when he found himself charged with the terrible crime he saw at once that he had been made the victim of the real assassin. The thought of his fearful situation so affected his mind that he was unable to give any connected or lucid explanation of the circumstances that pointed to him so strongly as the murderer, and his wife could tell nothing about the meeting of her husband with Winter, as he had told her nothidg in relation to it. She told how the shoes came to be in the house, but in her terror made her story contradictory and mysterious, and it had no effect. Kunkel was lodged in York jail, and was subsequently taken to Baltimore where he staid in prison ten months, during which time he could not be brought to give any satifactory account of his movements after leaving Baiti- and his counsel and friends had nothing to rely on for their case except his good character. This availed nothing, and Paul Kunkel was convicted of the murder and sentenced to be hanged the following Septembea, about a year from the time the murder had been committed. Executive clemency could not be obtained, although the Bishop of Philadelphia earnestly interested himself in Kunkle's case, among other prominent and influential persons. All hope was gone for the unfortunate man, when, eight days before the day set for the execution, Kunkel's counsel was astonished to receive a message from the doomed man soliciting an immediate interview. The counsel, on entering Paul's cell, saw that a most remarkable change had come over him. His mind had cleared and for the first time he seemed to realize the horror of his situation. For the first time also he was able to give his counsel a connected statement of his movements from the time he left Baltimore. He described Winter minutely, and satisfied his counsel at once that he was the victim of a heartless scheme. Detectives were immediately set to work in all directions searching for Winter, but no trace of him could be found.

Winter, being unable to force the

SILVER SNUFF-BOX

on the Kunkle family, took it with him when he left their house. He went from York to Ashland, Pa., where he obtained work in a blacksmith's shop. Working in the same shop was a man from Baltimore who was well acquainted with the Kunkel Murder trial, being a subscriber to one of the Baltimore papers. He had read accounts of it to Winter, who could not read English. When he read how it was proved that Kunkel had been seen coming away from the vicinity of the spot where the dead body was found, and how the tell-tale umbrella and shoes were found in his possession, Winter had remarked that that was evidence enough to hang any man. When Winter's fellow workman read the story that Kunkel was finally able to tell, singularly enough he did not suspect that the missing Winter was the man he was working with. It was not until three days afterward that the truth broke upon him, and then only through a fatal act on the part of Winter. The latter on the day in question, took a silver snuff-box from his pocket, and taking a pinch of snuff from it, handed it to his fellow workman. When this man opened the box the first thing that arrested his attention was the word "Cooper" engraved on the inside of the lid. Instantly the horrible truth that this was the murdered woman's box and that the real murderer was his companion in the shop, broke upon the mind of the workman. He dropped the box to the ground, and the gaze that he turned on Winter told that his guilt was known. Winter rushed for the door but his companion followed and caught him, and shouted to a passer by to get an officer. Winter was secured, and the Maryland authorities, who had failed to find any trace of the murderer, were informed of his capture. He was taken to Baltimore, and a respite granted to Kunkel. Winter was

TRIED AND CONVICTED.

On the scaffold he confessed the crime. He said he had returned from prison to avenge himself on Mrs. Goodwin, his old mistress. As he was walking along the road near Parkston he saw a woman on the road ahead of him. He believed her to be Mrs. Goodwin. He stole uopn her crushed her skull with a heavy stone, and dragged her to the roadside. He then saw that his victim was not Mrs. Goodwin. He took the dead woman's umbrella, shoes, snuff-box, and other articles, and covered the body with brush. He stayed all night in the woods. When he saw Kunkel next day he conceived the idea of casting suspicion on him as the murderer, and placed him in possession of the murdered woman's property with that end in view.

Paul Kunkel was legally extricated from his terrible position. He lived to become one of the best and most respected citizens of York, his death in that city on Saturday last, at the age of seventy-nine, having recalled this memorable incident in his life.

Mrs. Hancock.

Mrs. Hancock, the wife of the General, is a few years his junior in age and as a woman is as imposing in appearance as he is as a man. Tall and well proportioned, with a most winsome smile, a manner that puts you at your ease at once, and a pair of eyes that animate every line of a handsome face, she is still a beauty, although her hair is becoming streaked with gray. She married when the general was a young lieutenant doing duty in the far west.—It was entirely a love match, and neither of them have since regretted it—in fact their home is one of the happiest imaginable. Mrs. Hancock has always been opposed to her husband's becoming a candidate for the Presidency, and she is even above the weakness of wishing to be the mistress of the White House. She dreads the worry of the canvass, and if her husband is elected she thinks that the honor which the position brings will be dearly purchased by the renunciation of all domestic life for four years to come, and of his position as senior Major General and chances of soon becoming chief of the army. While she prefers her own home existence, however, there is no one better qualified to play the hostess on a grand scale than she. A society belle, even after her marriage, she has all the self-confidence and resources needed to entertain the most varied company. There is nothing in the range of conversation about which she does not know something.—Her greatest charm, however, is—and it is the General's also—the art of making every individual atom feel as if he were the one sole object of her affections.—*Graphic.*

Mountain of the Moon.

When one looks at the moon through a powerful telescope furnished with a prism eye piece, he seems to be suspended in mid air and looking down upon the lunar plains and mountains from an enormous height. The falling away of the surface toward the edges of the great ball sometimes produces the sensation that is experienced in standing on the brink of a giddy precipice. If the magnifying power used is 500 diameters, the effect is about the same as if the observer were in a balloon 500 miles above the surface of the moon. Below him lie mountains greater than Mount Blanc and Chimberazo, looking no larger than pebbles. Ancient sea bottoms are spread beneath him like smooth floors, dotted here and there with elevations that may once have been islands, and surrounded by table lands, plains and mountain chains that show where the old sea coast was flat and marshy, where it was full of harbors, and where it was iron bound and perilous. Great naked plains stretch out in various directions as smooth as our prairies, and in other places there are reaches of hill country, and then tremendous mountain masses. The great topographical features remain, as in the days when the moon was young and full of life like the earth; but the coasts are silent as the mountain peaks, the seas are empty, the fruitful soil is gone, all that ancient teeming life has vanished, and the whole land is void of air. It is only the rocky skeleton of a dead world, and a picture of what our earth will be hundreds of millions of years hence.

It is this last consideration—that the moon furnishes us a sort of prophetic page wherein the earth's future can be read—which makes the study of lunar scenery only less interesting than it would be if our telescopes revealed to us cities and cultivated fields and all the evidences of man's presence in the moon.

The scenery of the moon is not only wonderful, but exceedingly beautiful, when viewed from the lofty perch that the observer with a telescope seems to occupy. This is especially true of the mountains. There being no air on those rocky heights, there is no gradation of light and the shadows are absolutely black. Therefore, night and day confront one another without any intervening twilight. If one could stand upon a lunar mountain he might be in the full blaze of the sun on the summit, while ten feet below all would be buried in the blackest night. The scene recalls the Plague of Darkness that was sent upon Egypt when the habitations of the Israelites were filled with light, while the adjoining lands of the Egyptians were walled up in night. The effect of this sharp contrast of light and shadow in the moon is wonderfully beautiful.—A chain of mountains just at the edge of the illuminated portion lies under the telescope pictured in silhouette upon the adjacent plain by the long shadows that are as sharp in outline as if cut from black paper. Yet more beautiful are the circular mountains, or craters, that are the characteristic features of lunar scenery. Some of these are forty or fifty miles in diameter, and in the centre of the flat floor enclosed by the ring-mountain rise one or more high peaks. The effects of the light and shade among there craters are almost endless in diversity.

With a good three inch telescope, and a little practice in the management of the magnifying powers one may easily see all the famous mountains of the moon, and most of the strange looking objects that have at different times been taken for fortifications, roads and other works of man. There are a number of excellent maps of the moon, by whose aid every conspicuous object may be recognized. The point of greatest interest to the observer is the long, jagged line, called the terminator, that marks the sharp division between day and night. If you watch that line for an hour or two you will be astonished at the changes that have taken place under your eye. You will see the sunshine creeping down the steep inner side of a ringed mountain, until the floor of the vast basin, which had before been perfectly black, looking like a hole right through the moon, is reached and lighted up, while the rocky flanks of the central peak, or cluster of peaks, come into view, and begin to cast long, spiry shadows over the crater floor. A lofty mountain, whose summit, gilded by the sunlight, has been visible for an hour, shining out of the dense obscurity that covers the region about it which is yet steeped at night, like a little island lying off a sunny coast, gradually swings into view, and the line of sunshine goes sweeping up its craggy sides, chasing the shadows, and revealing rocky spires and precipitous gorges deeper than the valley of the Mere de Glace.

The vast dark plains, which were formerly supposed to be real seas, but in which modern astronomers see only the bottoms of seas whose waters disappeared ages ago, retain their old romantic names.

There is the Ocean of Storms, covering a vast region in the Eastern Hemisphere. With its equatorial situation, and surrounded by some of the most gigantic monutains in the moon, it may have been before its waters were stolen away, as tempestuous as its names implies. On the south of the Ocean of Storms projects a large bay of a remarkably green hue, which is called the Sea of Moisture, while on the north the ocean runs into the narrow Bay of Dew. Then there is the Sea of Showers, the largest of the moon's seas, or sea bottoms. Between the Sea of Showers and that brilliant portion of the moon called the Land of Hoar Frost, lies the Bay of Rainbows, which, as the celebrated observers Beer and Madler thought, furnishes the most magnificent landscape in the moon. It is surrounded by lofty shining cliffs. In the centre of the moon are the Sea of Vapors and the Bay of Tides. In the north are Plato, or the Greater Black Lake, the Sea of Cold, and the Marsh of Sleep, the latter being remarkable for its reddish hue.—In the east are the Sea of Serenity, the Sea of Tranquility, the Sea of Fertility, the Sea of Nectar, and the dark Crisian Sea. The last named, judging from its unusual depression, was probably the deepest of all the lunar seas, although its greatest length is only about three hundred and fifty miles.

Around all the seas cluster ringed mountains, craters, and mountain ranges, whose shadows are thrown upon their level surfaces, varying in length and shape and number with every hour. The whole southern quarter of the moon is occupied by the great mountain region that has the tremendous crater Tycho for its centre. Here the amateur telescopist may spend hours among the glittering peaks. It is like looking down into the heart of the Adirondacks, with the mountains increased ten fold in magtude and a thousand fold in number.—The mountain wall that surrounds Tycho is a perfect ring fifty-four miles in diameter, and three miles high. Exactly in the centre of the great flat floor, enclosed within the ring, rises a mountain peak a mile in height that shines brilliantly in the sunlight. In a good three inch telescope, Tycho is an object of surprising beauty and ever varying interest as the sunshine creeps up its outer wall, leaps down the terraced slope of the opposite side of the ring, and, sliding across the broad, level floor, climbs the central peak, and throws its long pointed shadow clear across the crater. For hundreds of miles on every side of Tycho the whole surface of the moon is broken and upheaved into ragged mountain masses, in which are many peaks loftier than the highest Alps, and some that equal the mightiest of the Andes. The spectacle of the sunrise upon these mountains is magnificent beyond description.

Some of the highest mountains in the moon lie along the edge of the disk, and are seen as in profile against the sky.—Such are the Doerful Mountains and the Leibnitz Range south of Tycho, which rival our Himalays in height. In the Telescope they give the edge of the moon a broken or scalloped appearance.

These are but a few of the wonderful objects in our satelite that are familiar to astronomers. Any one who is not an astronomer may spend many pleasurable hours in studying them with the aid of a small telescope.—*N. Y. Sun.*

GEN. HANCOCK is the oldest major-general of the army, and by right of seniority ought to be in command now but a radical Congress jumped SHERMAN and SHERIDAN over him, and for no other reason than because he was a democrat. The generals of the army stand as follows in the order of their rank: General of the Army, William T. Sherman; Lieutenant General, Phillip H. Sheridan; major Generals (limited by law to three,) Winfield S. Hancock, Jno. M. Schofield and Irwin McDowell; Brigadier Generals (limited by law to six) John Pope, O. O. Howard, A. H. Terry, Edward O. C. Ord, Christopher C. Auger and George Crook. Gen. Hancock's salary as major-general is $7,500 per annum, and the position is for life, with a fair prospect of becoming General of the Army. He will not resign until after his election or some time before he is inaugurated as President of the United States and commander-in-chief of the military and naval forces of the Republic.—*State.*

Death.

On the 26th death with its silent tread crossed the threshold of Mr. A. S. McNeil's home, and laid its cold hand on their little Alberta Gay, aged one year and two months. Our little ones lies very near our hearts, but our heavenly father loves them too, and shall we complain when He gathers them home? Oh no, but rather be ready when he calls again, that as one by one we leave this life, we shall also be gathered in the new home on the shining shore.

Short was the time Alberta Gay
To our embrace was given,
Another star shines on our way
And guiding us toward Heaven.

W. A. CLARK.

A report was published in a New York paper that GEN. GRANT had avowed his purpose to vote for GEN. HANCOCK. However probable it may be that he will vote in that way, it was very unlike "the silent man" to make such a declaration. The *Tribune*, acting on that supposition, has got a telegram to the effect that GEN. GRANT has made no declaration on the subject. But how about GARFIELD? Has he declared any purpose to vote for that candidate? We have scrutinized the telegrams of congratulation to GARFIELD—and we find them from BLAINE and SHEARMAN and HAYES and all the Cabinet and small fry—but ne'er a word from GRANT! Ominous silence!—*Whig.*